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Cho OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL NO. 19 OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA
PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY OF THE SURGEON GENERAL OF THE ARMY

VOL. III

SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1919

No. 4



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The OTEEN

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VOL. III.

Saturday, May 17, 1919

No. 4

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice,
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weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

We, nestled here in the lap of the Blue Ridge, have been so busy minding our own business, that of getting well or of helping the other chap get well, that thoughts of world's politics have played little part in our daily curriculum. However, occasionally we do hear an indistinct rumble sounding like distant thunder; it is this talk of Bolshevism. Something faint and indefinite to us, but large and menacing to those on yonder shore. It is the spirit of dissatisfaction, the resentment against authority. If not suppressed it will spread like a forest fire, jumping from tree to tree, leaving devastation and destruction in its path, with nothing remaining but the charred remnants as evidence of its hungry lust. We hate to think of things unpleasant, but the utter disregard of them is criminal.

Do you realize that failing to obey an order is bolshevism, that neglecting the work that it assigned to you admits you to the inner circle of the bolshevik clan, that belly-aching about your discharge helps propagote the "bulshiviki bull?" Perhaps you have never given it a thought, but it is a fact. Don't become a regular paid up member of the Amalgamated Order of the American Bolsheviks. We "ain't got none" yet, nor do we hope to be favored by their company. Lay off this Bolshevik belly-ache.



What will the soldier do after the war? How shall we absorb him into the industrial machine without serious dislocation of parts of that machine? This question is being raised all over America, and the answers are as varied as the points of view of the writers; and they all assume economic congestion as an aftermath of the war.

This it seems to us is because of false economic conceptions regarding the soldier as an economic entity.

Stated baldly—the soldier is a plain human being in a military uniform, with physical and mental needs that bear a very striking resemblance to those of an ordinary civilian. The average writer fails to observe the obvious fact that the soldier like the civilian carries in his own person a full set of wants and consumes as much as any civilian, and wastes a great deal more.

Three million soldiers will need, when they return from the war, just as much food, clothing, shelter and fuel as three million civilians, and it will take just as much work to supply them. There is no more reason to suppose that work will be scarce after the war than now; for work is what supplies the needs of all the people.

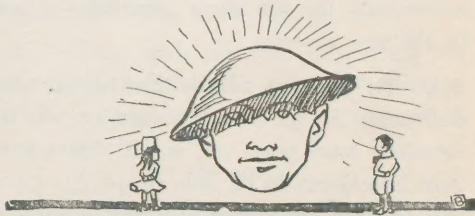
If men did not want things they would be no more interested in the problem of work than is most care-free and self sufficient wild animal.

If the returning soldiers cannot get themselves into the industrial machine it will not be for lack of demand for products—each soldier brings his own quota of that. There will be work enough for all, perhaps a little time will be required for adjustment.

Poor old "morale." Sadly abused these days. Nevertheless, too much cannot be said. We have been morale-ing, we shall continue to do so, because we sincerely believe that the proper state of mind not only tends to increase the efficiency and well being of an organization, but in like manner adds the proper mental balance to the individual.

Let us approach the subject from another angle. You have heard of the obligation you owe the lads broken down in service, of sticking to your job until it is finished, the patriotic argument and a score of other well founded reasons. These all appeal to your generosity; this time we tackle your selfishness. We acknowledge to a little streak of that. How about yourselves, fellows? How do you feel at those times when you bemoan your fate, you remain in service while your pal in the infantry is back-looking for a job, perhaps? We know the feeling we have felt that way ourselves—blue, disgusted, sour; on the "blink," so to speak. Supposing on the other hand you accept the argument of the morale-izing contingent; you say to yourselves, "it's a job that must be finished, I'll surely get home in due time, and 'due time' isn't so far away." Don't you feel better for accepting that point of view, aren't you the chief gainer for smiling instead of scowling?

So "buck up." Put a grin on your map! This job will soon be through.



It always leaves a cold sense of loss when any one of our buddies has fought the good fight and passed on. Sgt. Sardis L. Patterson, one of the best comrades and gameliest fighters was called into the great beyond last week. "Pat" was one of the first patients in camp—and his absolute showing of gameness against all odds, also his contributions to THE OTEEN, and the humanness of the lad, made him loved and admired by all. Typical of his grit—Pat completed a lively skit for the patients' page just the day before he passed out.

With the sounding of taps for "Pat" there passes on a man of men.

SPORTS

SPORTING GOSSIP

By JOE DOWNIE

McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, picks for his choice of all-star players men like Hans Wagner, who, he states, is the best all-around player who ever wore a spiked shoe; Jimmy Collins as having the surest pair of hands he ever saw; Christy Mathewson as never having been equalled in the pitcher's box in all-around ability; Roger Bresnahan as the greatest catcher who ever wore a mask, with the exception of Buck Ewing; Speaker as an outfielder has no superior, and Amos Rusie as the speediest pitcher who ever stood on the rubber.

The choice of the baseball men for winning the pennant this year is New York in first place, Boston, Cleveland and Chicago fighting it out for second, third and fourth place, respectively, in the American League. In the National League Chicago is looked upon as ending in first place, while Cincinnati, New York and Brooklyn will be close contestants for the three remaining places in the first division.

Walter Johnson admits that his speed is declining, but he looks forward to twirling for a few more years yet, as with his experience he expects to be able to use his curve ball to good advantage and baffle many of the batters, which, no doubt, he is still able to do.

Tommy Quinlan's baseball days are over as he was severely wounded in the Argonne Forest, a few days before the armistice was signed, by a high explosive shell, losing the left arm and left eye. Quinlan formerly played in the National, American, New York State and Pacific Coast Leagues and will be missed by many of the fans of these different circuits.

There are some who think, or seem to think that Jack Dempsey is "little," and will be unable to reach the hugh Jess' jaw, but Jack stands six feet one up and down and weighs 197 pounds. If he is too little to reach Jess, who has a few inches on him,

many of the fight fans will be disappointed. Sharkey was a "shorty," but he toppled off many of the long boys, and there is no reason why Dempsey can't do the same to Willard with his heavy punch. This will have to be decided in the coming match in Toledo.

QUIET BASEBALL WEEK

The past week has been a rather inactive baseball week, due mostly to the inclement weather. On Sunday last snappy practise was held on our new field which is about ready for use. Our next game will witness the official opening of our own ball park, no doubt. Sunday's practise brought out some new talent in the persons of Cope, Delaney and McKethan, who are new arrivals at this post, being transferred from General Hospital No. 14, Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. These men are players from the team of that hospital, which team was considered the strongest in that section of the country. Their arrival should cause a big improvement in our outfit, as the Kenilworth game showed several weak spots which could stand readjustment. With Carter and Downie as a battery and a strong supporting infield and outfield our boys should be able to outplay the best in these parts. Coach Downie has left on a 15-day leave, but the tri-weekly practise will continue under the leadership of Lieutenants Gbureczyk and Deeds.

Two games were scheduled for the past week with the strong Blue Ridge School team, of Hendersonville, one to be played on their grounds at Hendersonville last Saturday, the other on our grounds during the past week. Owing to the poor condition of the roads, due to the recent heavy rains, transportation was impossible, thereby causing these games to be cancelled for the present.

We hope that at it's next appearance the team will be in uniform. These suits have been in transit for some time now and are

about due to arrive. The suits have been donated by the Central-Verein Society of St. Louis, through the efforts of the K. of C. secretaries. A vast difference will be noted in the calibre of ball playing when the uniforms arrive and are put into action, as the absence of them have been a real handicap.

All in all, the baseball outlook is most cheerful. We will shortly have a team of real ballplayers and a ball ground on the reservation on which to stage the contests. This will give everyone on the Post the chance to see the team in action. So fellows, if you can't play, come out and root.

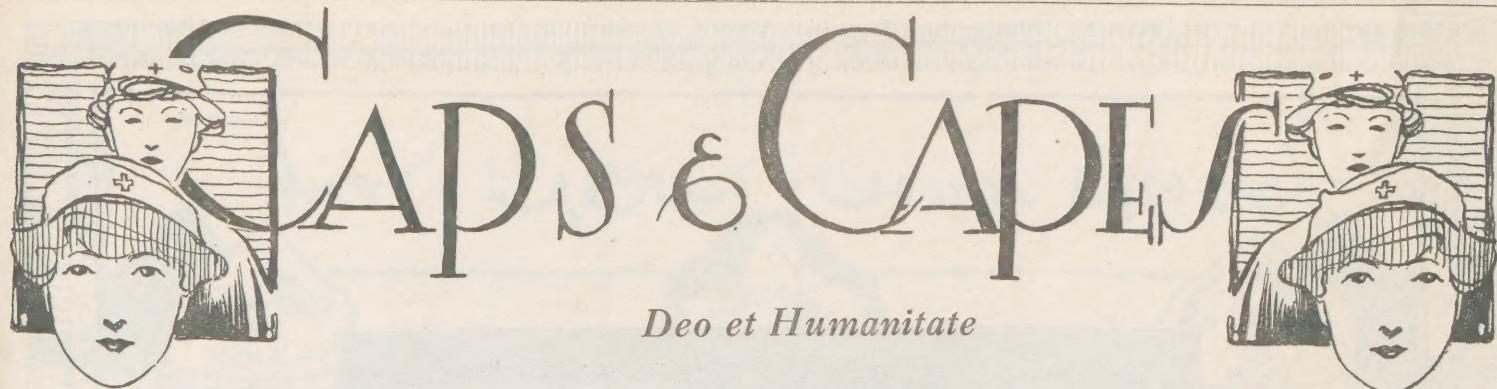
VOLLEY-BALL POPULAR SPORT

The volley-ball court, located at the detachment quarters, has created a large interest in this sport by the men of the detachment. Each evening after retreat and until sundown the court is in constant use. Inter-barracks games are prevalent and an effort is being made to form a barracks league. This should do much towards furthering an interest in this sport. A volley-ball team representing the Post has been organized under the leadership of Corp. Hellgrin; the other players being Eiskamp, Andrews, Addis, Deautzer, Newell and Gagliuccia. Any team desiring a game will communicate with the Corporal.

BOWLING DOPE

The Oteen bowling team is making one awful fight to capture first place in the local big pin tournament, being staged at the Y. M. C. A. alleys. They have won 11 out of their last 12 games. They trimmed Hoffman's team last Monday night. Beck, of Oteen, is running neck and neck with Johnson for individual honors.

The teams are well matched and many close games are looked forward to within the next two weeks when the season will come to a close.



CAPS & CAPE

Deo et Humanitate

That the infirmary is a popular resort is proved by the fact that there are seldom any apartmens vacant. New arrivals last week included Miss Borden, Mrs. Hanrahan and Miss Palmer. Miss Halloran returned after a pleasant leave, spent with friends.

Miss Smith tried it again last Sunday.

Will there be a dance this week?

May some of the members of the Nurse Corps be peimitted to humbly raise their voices in approval of the action taken by the K. C. in allowing the exclusive use of their hut to the colored patients of this hospital on one night in the week? It is a lead that we sincerely hope some of the other organizations will follow.

Miss Irene Keefe, Miss Flora Middleton and Miss Lottie Nickel left Oteen last week for Camp Dix, where they are now on duty. Miss Elmore, Miss Hopkins and Miss De Lunn were luckier as their's were sure enough discharges.

OVERHEARD IN QUARTERS NO. 3

Mac.—“Oh! Ten days seem like eternity!

Schwinn—“Well, I must go back to the farm (Detachment ward) and finish the chores.”

Daniels and Phillips (after horseback ride)—“Wish we had softer mattresses.”

Rooke—“No thank you, Rusty, let's not have a doorway between our boudoirs, and why are you so happy tonight?”

Miss Flewwelling—“The next one who makes a noise after 10:30 will go on night duty.” (Who will it be? Rooke, Rusty or Mac.?)

Rusty (10:30 p. m.)—“Come on, girls, let's sing our parodies.”

Miss Korb—“Remember, girls, the rooms are to be inspected today.”

Miss Elder—“Who wants my job? Applicants must be jack-of-all-trades, on duty

at all times, have a cheerful disposition 'n everything.”

Keefe writes from Camp Dix that she smells good times ahead. So, girls, get a transfer. (Easier said than done!)

Miss Klinger—“Where's my dog?”

Miss Keeran—“I wish you girls would keep quiet. I can't sleep.”

Lewis—“Oh! For the wings of a—an aviator!”

Joyce—“Where did you go Sunday night when you wcnt out alone?”

The nurses of Quarters No. 3 extend a hearty welcome to Miss Becker and Miss Vaughn.

THE NURSE'S DECOLOGUE

I. Thou shalt not neglect to arise at 6 a. m. and devour thy breakfast in time to reach thy ward at 7 a. m.

II. Thou shalt not forget thy pass when thou goest to town lest thou be not permitted to enter when thou returnest.

III. Thou shalt not remain in the Red Cross house later than 10:30 p. m. If thou shouldst err in this direction thou shalt be compelled to make an ignominious exit.

IV. Thou shalt refrain from casting thine eye towards a private or non-com. Woe unto her who commits this, the most heinous offense. She shall be cast into outer darkness.

V. Thou shalt not stray from the cement road. Be not tempted to pluck a wild flower by the roadside lest thou be reported by an M. P.

VI. Thou shalt not appear in thy riding suit unless mounted upon thy horse. Only the foolish neglect to adhere to this rule.

VII. Thou shalt not exhibit thy jewelry when in uniform. Yea, verily, if thou art wise thou wilt lock it safely in thy most secret box lest it be snatched away from thee and deposited in the Registrar's safe.

VIII. Thou shalt wear rubber heels. Disaster awaits the nurse who heeds not this injunction.

IX. Thou art commanded to keep to the left of the public road. The mounted M.P. will be greatly troubled if thou shouldst happen to wander to the right side, which, alas! in this case, is the wrong side.

X. Thou shalt observe prayerfully all these rules that thy stay may be long upon the Reservation which thy Uncle Sam gavest thee.

M.L.B.

Nights would be growing very lonely

Days would be very long

Good times for us would be ended—

And “memories” our song

If the M. P.'s once should see us

Dear Old Pal o' Mine,

For it seems the world is full of M. P.'s

Just to take you away from me.

Chorus (all join)

There's a long, long line of M. P.'s

'Most any place we can go

For the poor buck privates looking

And nurses also.

There's a guard house always waiting

For non-coms and privates, too,

But you bet, M. P.'s, we've found a spot

Far from that long, long trail and you.

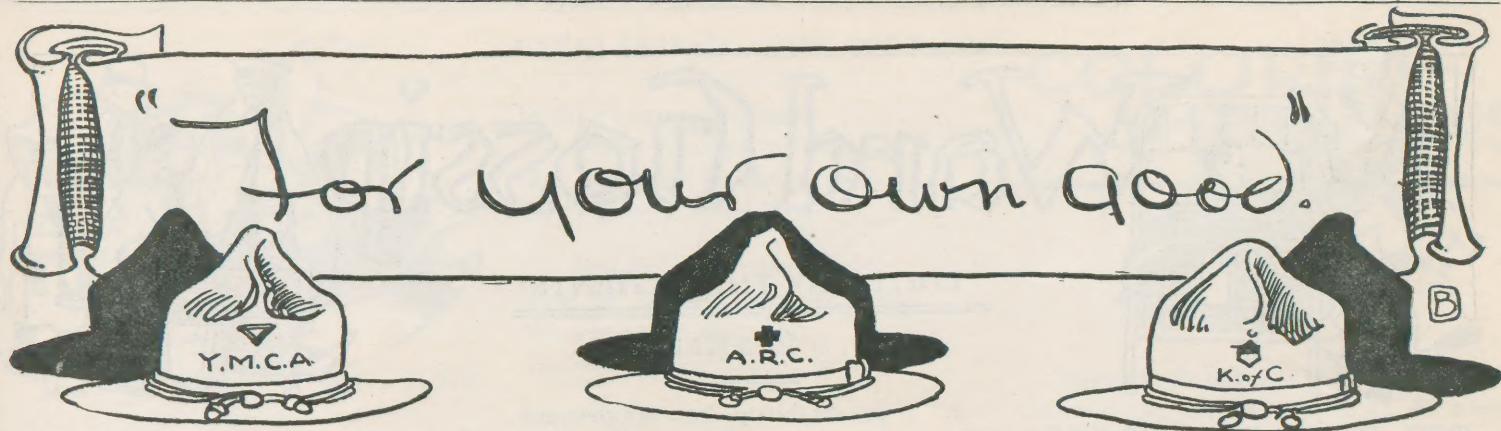


CHIMNEY ROCK



LT. CHARLES D. BLAYLOCK, Q. M. C.
Assistant Camp Supply Officer





Every possible effort is being put forth toward the improvement of moving picture entertainments at the "Y." We have been unfortunate several times recently in receiving rotten films. Special requests have been filed with the War Work Council for better class of films, and for a change in the bookings for this place.

▽ ▽

"Baby Mine," was the movie attraction at the "Y" last Thursday night. As usual, a capacity audience enjoyed the play. The comical scenes, and the awkward situations convulsed the audience with laughter from time to time. The film was good. No breaks. More and better coming. Don't miss them.

▽ ▽

Boys, bring your bundles in and we will wrap them and send them by insured parcel post mail.

▽ ▽

"Mother's Day" was fittingly and impressively observed at the "Y" last Sunday at 3:30. The address of the occasion was made by Prof. Hutchins, of the Asheville city schools. Special music was furnished by Mr. W. A. Bassett, of Asheville. Mrs. Johnson sang a beautiful solo, entitled, "Mother, O Mine." The Asheville girls were on hand with fudge. A delightful, wholesome occasion.

▽ ▽

The Asheville Quartet put on a musical program at the night service at the "Y" last Sunday. It was a treat to hear them sing. The singing by the large congregation brought special praise from Mr. Bartlett, the quartet leader. In the absence of Chaplain Stewart, Rev. Ansen Brown, of Asheville, did the preaching.

▽ ▽

We are busy at the desk all the time serving the boys. Our service is all free of charge, and the things served are free except stamps and money orders.

Monday night the Detachment men were entertained by Mrs. Horace Alden, of New York. Mrs. Alden is one of the cleverest entertainers that we have had at the house and the evening was thoroughly enjoyable. Mrs. Alden's inimitable songs and original parodies have given pleasure to over a million men, which is proof of her versatility and sunshiny nature.

++

The boys who were at the Red Cross House on Tuesday morning had the rare privilege of hearing Mr. Charles Harrison, tenor of Victor fame, sing for an hour. He has an exceptionally good voice and we only hope that Mr. Harrison enjoyed himself as much as did everybody who heard him. Both Mr. Harrison and Mrs. Alden spoke with enthusiasm of the sympathetic support given them by Mr. Garden, who played their accompaniments. Both musicians proved that their hearts are with the boys for they responded to the continued demand for encores with generous free will.

++

On Friday evening the minstrel put on by Mr. Downie filled the house to capacity. The men of Oteen and Kenilworth and young ladies from Asheville, proved themselves an all-star aggregation, and the men have expressed the heartiest appreciation of their efforts.

++

On Sunday morning, through the co-operation of Mrs. Parker, of the flower committee, and of Mrs. Buckner, of the Baracca-Philathea organizations, the house was beautiful with a wealth of flowers for the Mother's Day service. After the service everyone was given a flower. Flowers were carried through the wards, too, and to the Detachment men.

Last Saturday one hundred delicious home-made pies were served with coffee to all attending the matinee tea dance. This Saturday another pleasant surprise is in store for you. The Tuesday evening enlisted men's dance is also a "big hit." Paynes Orchestra is now furnishing the music, which speaks for itself.

★ ★

Wednesday night being set aside for colored men exclusively has not been taken advantage of as much as the K. of C. would like to see. It is our intention that the colored soldiers will organize some form of entertainment on these evenings and they may be assured of our hearty co-operation.

★ ★

A large selection of new May records have arrived this week. They are at the hut for your pleasure.

★ ★

Supervisor Edmund Lennihan spent a few days with us and assisted us in giving the boys a real party at Ashland Park on Victory Day. Bevo, and Coco-Cola, also lemonade flowed as plentiful as water that day. Several thousand Camel cigarettes were given out among the crowds. *Did you get your share?*

★ ★

Secretary Driscoll is concentrating the greater part of his time in the wards. When he calls at your ward, do not hesitate to make known your request. He is glad to do everything for your pleasure and comfort.

★ ★

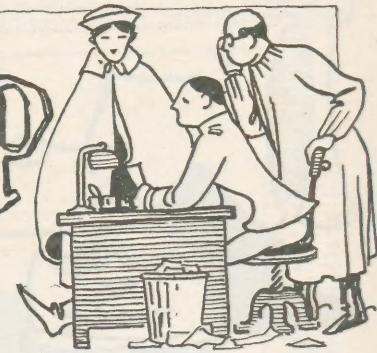
Leave your film and other errands with "Dad" at the hut and he will take them to town. We go every day right after luncheon.





Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS



WELL, WE ALL HAVE OUR KICK

Ward E-3 bemoans the loss of one of its most able kickers in the discharge of Pvt. William S. Couch. Couch is one of the oldest members of E-3 and could pick a flaw in anything that was said or done here by the authorities. However, there is an able assistant left who is stepping into his master's shoes. We bow to you, Shannon, and expect much of you. Pvt. Shannon has been an understudy to Corp. Tangerman for many months. However, it can be said of Shannon that he has many ideas of his own on how this hospital should be run. Tangerman has been visiting the ward lately and is quite delighted at the idea of his being proclaimed the biggest kicker on the hill. For further information ask Capt. Whittlesey, Lt. Sullivan, and last but not least, Lt. Stenbuck, our friend on the S. C. D. board.

Oh! Ward E-3 is talented, for Hostler is still with us.

PUTT! PUTT!

Captain (referring to prisoner)—“What is he charged with, Cleary?”

Sergeant Cleary—“I don’t know the regular name for it, sir, but I caught him a-flirting in the woods.”

Captain—“Ah, that’s impersonating an officer.”

HARK! STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN!

Hark, to the words of the O. D., Lt. Sullivan. Put that away, Couch, and don’t let the rest of the boys see it, they will want one, too. This is the mystery of the lost chicken head, which was found in the mess, May 4th. The date of the decapitation we do not know. There is the mystery. It has been rumored that said chicken laid the egg that was all but minus feathers, presented to the dietician by Corp. Tangerman some weeks previous. We may solve the mystery yet.

- 1. If you get thirsty, don’t call the nurse, there’s a spring in your bed.
- 2. You can’t skate here even if you do see the pillow slip.
- 3. If you want to read while it is dark, don’t bother the nurse, the feathers are light enough.
- 4. If you want sympathy don’t call for your friends. The nurse will bring you a comforter.
- 5. You don’t need to get up to go fishing. There are casters on each bed.
- 6. Don’t think you can have anything you want to eat and drink just because each bed has two sideboards.
- 7. You don’t need any brain while you are in the hospital. There’s a head on each bed.
- 8. Don’t get the idea that it is the Fourth of July just because the nurse brings you some crackers.
- 9. If you want some athletic amusement ask the nurse for a tumbler.
- 10. Don’t think the nurse is sentimental just because she gives you a spoon.
- 11. Speedy cures are effected here. Last week a blind man picked up a cup and saucer.
- 12. If you want to laugh empty a pillow in your bed, the feathers will tickle you.
- 13. Patients are not allowed big feeds. Only beds have spreads.
- 14. “Y” men should not swear. However, you may say “blank it.” The nurse will think you want more cover.

HIS EXPERIENCE LONGER

A major in a stevedore regiment employed one of his men to take care of his horses and do little chores around the yard. One day Sam came into the Major’s office and he was *some* agitated man. After he had saluted, he exclaimed: “Major, I want to be relieved from dis hyar job, right now!”

The Major asked him why he didn’t want the job any more.

“Major, that thar job is good enuff, but

I just can’t seem to get along with yo’ all wife. Seems every time I goes down to that thar house, she puts me doin’ all kinds a chambermaid work, and a naggin’ at me all a ther time, too.”

Then it was the Major’s turn. “Sam, I’ve been living with that woman for thirty-odd years now and if there is going to be anyone relieved, it’s going to be me.”

CAN’T BEAT C-1

C-1, why we just love the place,
Each nook and corner, crack and space,
The reason for this smiling face,—
Is just C-1.

Congenial? Yes—all of our crew,
Life’s harmony—the whole day thru,
If you should think these words untrue—
Come to C-1.

Our Captain is surely a brick
He never makes a single kick.
It’s trying, too, when they’re very sick—
Over in C-1.

Our leader is Miss Cowdrick,
She’s one fine nurse—we think
Miss Cooke and Miss Rust with cheery way,
Work just like fury all the day—
In C-1.

The orderlies with cloth and pan,
Make everything just spic and span,
They do the vesy best they can—
For our C-1.

The ambulatory patients labor day and night,
And scrubbing is their one delight (?)
They do jobs quick and do them right
About C-1.

And now you know the reason why
We never sob nor never sigh.
I’ll yell “hurrah!” till my throat’s dry,—
For our C-1. NOBODY.



Join the Riding Club. Necessary qualifications: One khaki riding habit, price \$13.50. Knowledge of horses not necessary.

Ben Heyman's smile is a little bigger these days. Nothing daunts these literary geniuses. The way of the pioneer is hard, Ben.

Four ladies went riding (?). Result: Two horses lame, one horse cut to ribbons. It cost \$10 to hire these horses for two hours but the man that owned them paid the vet. \$13.75 to get them fixed up again. *Some riders!*

Warning—The gasoline peril is spreading. With the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of *joy riding*.

MONTRE'S LATEST SONG

Oh S. C. D., oh S. C. D., you're as elusive as a flea,

I've hunted you here,

I've hunted you there,

Where can you be, oh S. C. D.

Now that we have the camp all fixed up with a million M. P.'s, rules and regulations for traffic and another million non-coms to boss the job. All we need is a bunch of discharges for the patients and leave the camp to the guys that made it—traffic managers, non-coms and M. P.'s. The K. P.'s can have the kitchen.

So "Big Jim" Mindheim made his get-a-way. Jim, as a farewell, tell us how you did it. I have heard of guys breaking out of the pens and local jails, but these guys that have the secret of breaking out of Oteen deserve medals.

Now the question that has puzzled us for so long is answered: The Oteen Band does not exist, having been disbanded.

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE BLACK

Darling I am coming back,
Silver threads among the black;
Now that peace in Europe nears
I'll be home in seven years.

I'll drop in on you some night,
With my whiskers long and white,
Yes, the war is over, dear,
And we're going home, I hear.

Home again with you once more,
Say, by nineteen twenty-four,
Once I thought by now I'd be
Sailing back across the sea.

Back to where you sit and pine,
But I'm stuck here on the Rhine,
You can hear the gang all curse,
"War is hell, but peace is worse."

When the next war comes around
In the front line I'll be found.
I'll rush in again pell-mell;
Yes, I will—like hell, like hell.

SGT. RALPH STEARNS, A. E. F.,
Coblenz, Germany.

RELATIVELY SPEAKING

The other day two cousins were on their way to the store to do some shopping. The little boy was complaining of not having any time to play.

Florence said, "you know, Edward, the days are very short."

"Oh," said Edward, "the days are not so short, but the errands are too long."—Chicago Tribune.

COLORED AMERICANS



Sergeants Felder and Phillips are both leaving this week by the S. C. D. route. Luck to them both, and may they do their duty before July 1st.

★ ★

Pvt. John Lee has gone to Philadelphia on a furlough. He states that he is going to "strut his stuff" while there, but we don't think that he will be the "knock-out" there that he is in Asheville.

NO FURLONGS FOR US

A well-dressed stranger strolled up to a colored prisoner, who was taking a longish interval of rest between two heaves of a pick.

"Well, Sam, what crime did you commit to be put in those overalls and set under guard?"

"Ah went on a furlong, sah."

"Went on a furlong? You mean you went on a furlough."

"No, boss, it was a sho nuff furlong. Ah went too fur, and Ah stayed too long."

First Colored Teamster—"Is you gwine ter let dat mule do as he pleases? Wha's you will power?"

Second Colored Teamster—"Mah will power's all right. Yo' all jist come out hyar an' measure dis mule's won't power."

He—Do you know anything about these four-minute men the papers are talking so much about?

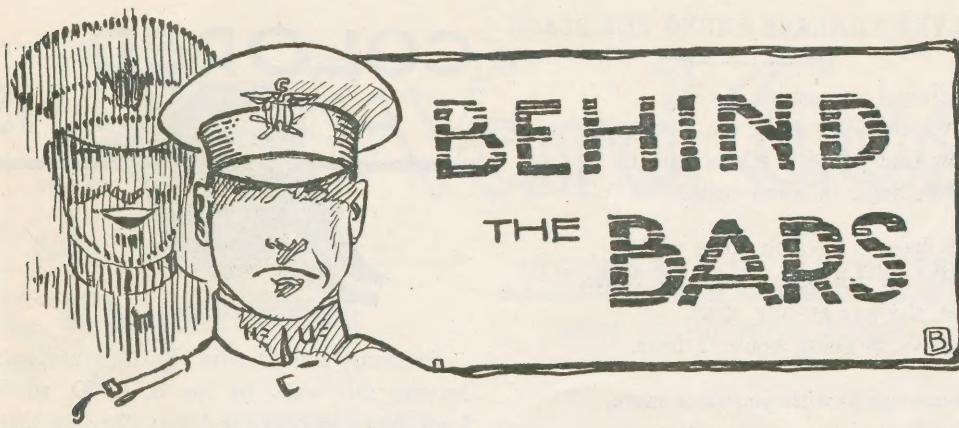
She—No, but judging from the name, I should say they were hard-boiled.

First Private (who has been listening to a friend performing on a harmonica)—Do you play by ear?

Friend—No! You dan fool, this is a mouthorgan!



II. SUNNY FRANCE—THE REGIMENTAL COOTIE HUNT



Major "Georgie" McAdis having started for a trip to the Catskill Mountains via New York, we can imagine him slipping around a certain well-known corner in the big city and taking one last mournful look at a w. k. painting on the wall of one of the finest refreshment rooms in the country. We will await patiently the return of the Scotch.

★ ★

This column offers a silver-plated sputum cup to the reader who can give the closest estimate on how long the hog supply of North Carolina will hold out at the present rate of consumption.

★ ★

Once more the Slipps-Loose—oh! well, you've guessed it. It's the springs this time.

★ ★

Smith, Holmes and Cannon are no longer taking their breakfast in bed. Three cheers for the reconstruction department!

★ ★

Considering the change of affairs noted above, we are wondering how much longer the ward dandy will have his manicures *en negligee*.

★ ★

Sentry: "Halt! Who's there?"

Officer: "Lieutenant Percival Prendergast, on duty, head of the knitting bureau of the conglomeration department, on his way to quarters unaided."

Sentry: "Advance, Lieutenant P. P., etc."

★ ★

(Doughboy in the office laughs.)

Lt. P. P. (to doughboy): "What are you laughing at?"

Doughboy: "Private Wendelton Jones, private first class, tank corps, 1st division, A. E. F., chief kitchen police, just told me a funny story."

(We admit it sounds like a fairy tale but truth is stranger than fiction).

★ ★

The censor is a fine fellow.

BEHIND THE BARS

B

The only reason we know as for writing the above paragraph is to make sure that our page is not entirely white space this week.

★ ★

Lieutenant Willnot having discarded his cane, we judge his recovery from tonsilitis is complete.

★ ★

Smith: "What are they taking those doors off for?"

Redwood: "Bisonette is coming through with his coat on."

★ ★

Freddie Moon comes to bat with the following:

Quoth cousin James, "I have a hen,
Whose age is wond'rous, very
It turned its three score years and ten,
One day last January."
But at Officer Patients' mess,
Why I have more than matched it,
Today, at noon, they served to us,
The very hen that hatched it.

★ ★

Speaking of Freddie Moon, one of Oteen's favorite pastimes seems to be curling up in Fred's flivver and taking a spin up to Chimney Rock.

★ ★

One of we'uns having put in for discharge under Bulletin 188, we are impatiently watching the race between the papers and July 1.

★ ★

Said "B" to "H," "Please write some words, To fit this sketch of mine,"
The words were much too apropos—
So "H" is back in line.

★ ★

The morning after the announcement that the Victory Loan had been oversubscribed, we had French toast for breakfast. All of which caused even Major Humphrey to cease kicking. (Censor please let this stand. The Major says he'll stand for a joke).

BILL ON THE "BIG PARADE"

Maude dere:—

It aint so much chance to git fer riten these days so I wuz athinkin of skipin this week, but noin how anxious you is ter here from me I makes the sacrifice and rites. I often kind of wonder wether yer don't git tired of herein all this camp bunk all the time, but I can't tell yer about a trip ter Europ or the Midnight Frolic, cause these are not wet parts in no sense and there are birds here what never saw the ocean and as ter drinkin at a mid-night cabaray the nearest thing to it here is guzzlin lemon extract ter the music of a acordeen. So from out of nessesity I got ter stick ter such standard stuff like dances at the post and M.P.'s. Them guys are always food for thought.

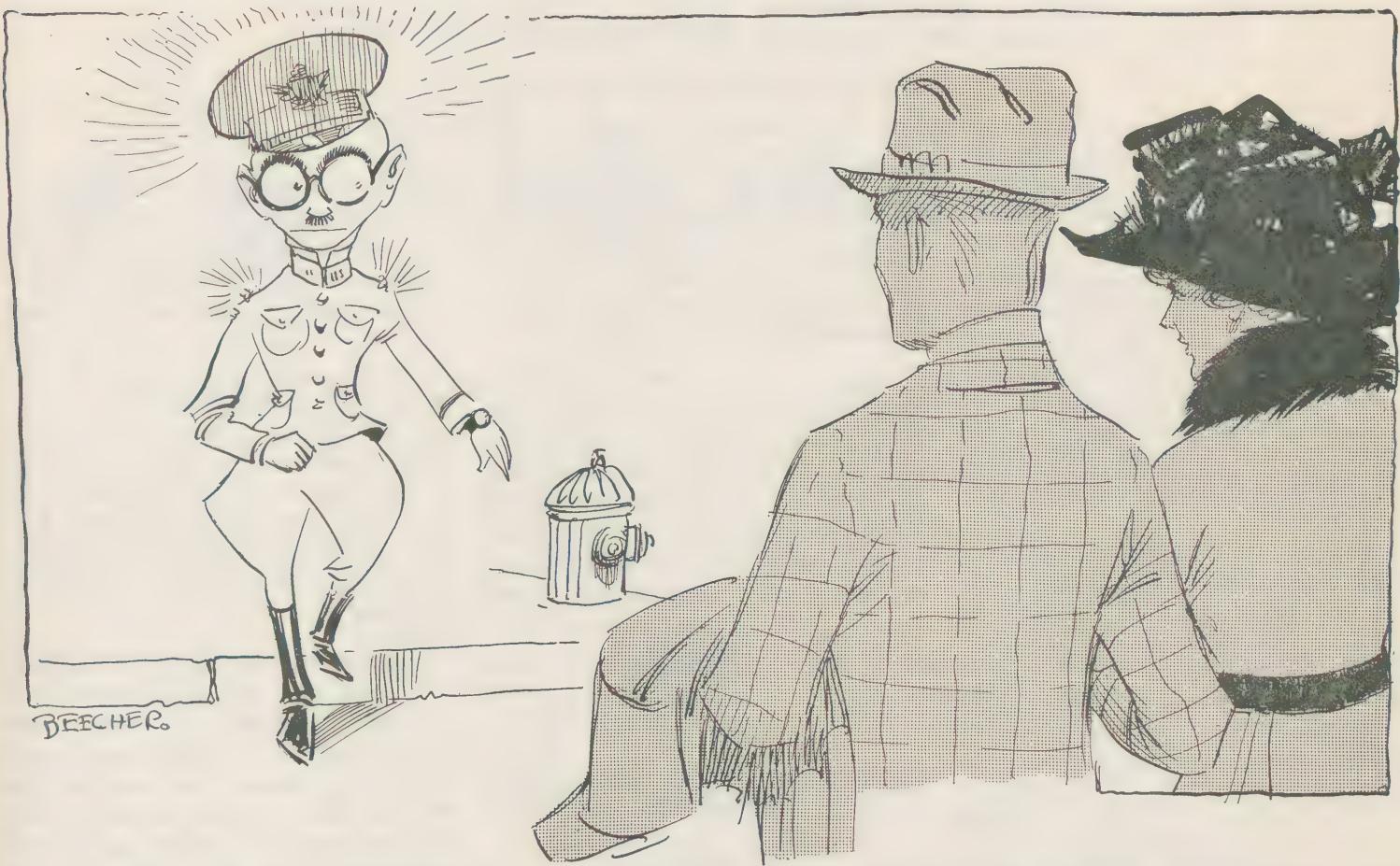
Thursday of last week wuz a large day in local parts. First of all the lads what lives in this county who have got back from fitin overseas wuz given a parade. That is ter say they did the paradin. They marched all spick and span right under the arch what wuz built fer this occasion three months ago and they must a felt mighty proud of what their home-folks done fer them; built them a arch and everything. And not only that, but pritty gals threw flowers at em as they went by. Here's hopin there jobs are waitin fer them too. I'm awonderin what sort of a greetin I'll git when I come home. The only arch I'll walk under is the won gittin out of the station and the only flowers I'll git is cauli-flowers on a tray. But I wont care jest as long as I gits home. I should worry, I done my bit and it's a longer bit then many of these guys done.

In the afternoon of the same day the baseball team from our horseple played against the team from the other horseple and wuz licked. It wuz a good game exceptin we wuz on the rong end of the score. Yer see we cant win all the time and we've won one game out of the last four.

So there yer got the worthwhile news. It aint much but thats all there is. The wether is aholdin kinder warm which kin be expected seein this aint January. The strawberries are commencin ter git ripe and the farmers are plantin there corn with shot guns. Everyone happy exceptin them that aint and I'm not sayin how I'm afeelin either.

Most responsively,

BILL.



Thrills No. 9—"When Your Right Hand can Stick to Her Arm"

CAPT. PENNINGTON SENDS REGARDS

One of our furlough artists stopped over at Washington this week to pay his respects to Capt. S. W. Pennington, who many of the early men in the camp will remember. The Captain and Mrs. Pennington send their heartiest wishes to all whom they knew. We, too, shout back our "good luck," and may the junior be thriving.

BAN LIFTED ON ARMY PROMOTIONS

At last the ban has been lifted and this article should be of value to all those in the military service of the United States. The policy of the War Department of stopping promotions in the army when the armistice was signed is now rescinded and you may get that generalship yet.

Computation of all vacancies will be made by the chief of the personnel branch, and when in his opinion, the normal process of discharge will not materially change the conditions, he will notify all commanding officers and chiefs of departments to render the number of vacancies and to recommend the promotions. No recommendations will be submitted until they are asked for.

TUBERCULOSIS BIG DISABILITY CAUSE

Tuberculosis is the greatest single cause for disability among American soldiers, an examination of 27,000 claims filed with the War Risk Insurance Bureau during the last month shows.

The disease accounts for 22 per cent of the claims, while wounds necessitating amputation amount to only 5 per cent. Wounds of all natures account for 31 per cent.

The figures also show that 20 per cent. of the disabilities were incurred in battle, while 57.7 per cent. were in the camps.

OH, PICKLES!

There was a young lady named Perkins,
Who had a great fondness for gherkins;
She went to a tea
And ate twenty-three,
Which pickled her internal workins.

"Buck Freeman says these Asheville lady barbers know their business."

"Elusidate."

'He went in for a flirtaton and came out with a shave, a shampoo, a haircut, and a singe."

SIXTY DAYS' GRACE ON WAR RISK INSURANCE

The soldiers war risk insurance does not lapse because of nonpayment of the premium until two months from the date of the last payment.

The point was made plain by Col. Lindsley, director of the War Risk Insurance Bureau, when a general impression that failure to arrange to carry on insurance at the time of discharge automatically lapsed a policy was called to his attention.

Col. Lindsley explained that the premium was collected from the soldier up to the first of the month preceding his discharge, that the insurance continued in force for two months from that date, and claims arising during that period would be settled on that basis. After two months the soldier must apply for reinstatement, and this must be done within six months of date of last payment.

Mrs. Blaylock may have to ask the occupants of the Red Cross House to leave at 10:30 p. m., but she doesn't have to turn out the lights—they are already out!

The BATTLES of BRUNO

(*Oteen's Own War Story*)

By MAJOR DAMMSORE

(Last week it looked a lot as if Bruno was going to turn into a poet right on our hands. But we are glad to inform our readers that there has been a distinct change in Bruno. He is now showing a noteworthy interest in the canalboat business. It seems that the other day he met a professional poet. This guy told Bruno that he wrote poetry "for a living," but when Bruno went home with the poet and got a good look at the living, the life of a canalboat captain took on a sudden glamor.

One time Bruno saw a canal from a bridge, and as it was a beautiful spring day he spent several hours hanging over the bridge watching the boats go up and down. He saw the whole Riley family enjoying their well-known life, and it looked good to our ambitious hero. From what he could see from the bridge, all you have to do to be a good canalboat captain is to have a pipe and a vocabulary. A pair of mules that Bruno drove at Humphreys' before he went overseas provided him with the vocabulary, and he got a good pipe off his supply sergeant one day when the latter had gone to sleep on a bunch of blankets.

So off Bruno started to be a canalboat captain, and if you feel like it, you can stick around through this chapter and hear what happened to him. We'll admit that it sounds as if it were going to be one of those openroad English novel affairs with a hero who is sort of simple (though you are assured by the author that he is also lovable) and a tinker and a dog. Heaven alone knows what these English tinkers do when they are not sitting by the side of the road talking philosophy with the heroes of English novels. But we can't go into that now, and, anyhow, this isn't an English novel and we don't know any tinkers at all except Joe).

CHAPTER XV.

BRUNO started off from Washeville right early in the morning, about 11:30 with a box of Camels and a cane to look up a canal.

He hadn't much idea as to where he could find a canal but he was certain that there were some in the neighborhood. He decided to walk right on until he found one. He walked for about an hour and a half and smoked six Camels and didn't see much of anything that interested him except a young

lady wearing a pair of "Ironclads," the choice of the discriminating American girl the country over, getting into an automobile and an old goat that looked lost and that we have a hunch is none other than Bessie Beeswax's.

Then he got tired and hungry and decided to get some lunch. He stopped at a place with the highly original name of Dewdrop Inn. The waitress there had a snub nose and freckles and a superior air and told him that he didn't need to get fresh with her and that she wouldn't take none of his lip, and what was a young girl coming to anyway

taken up walking seriously she could sleep like a mess sergeant and eat an army dinner. And what did Bruno think about this international situation and what was the world coming to, anyway; and did he read what Sena or Knox had got up and said about the league of nations? On the whole, though, nothing could be much worse than the servant situation. Why, it had gotten so now that it was impossible to keep any help, they were so stuck-upish. They were going to have a meeting about it in their Home Study Class. She and Mrs. Wilmerding were going to read papers to the class.

Lately a whole lot of peculiar women had been forcing their way into the class. They were not at all of the desirable type. Some of them came from the wrong side of town down by the tracks. But nowadays you never can tell. She had just been reading the cutest story. It is coming out serially in the *Woman's Era*. Had Bruno, by any chance read it? It was a wonderful description of the war. Made you feel just as if you were in the trenches. It was written by a young woman who had just got back from Paris where she had been attending some sort of a conference about reconstruction or something. Did Bruno ever see the *Woman's Era*? They had once published a recipe she had sent them telling about a new way to pickle peaches. Did Bruno like pickled peaches?

In a way all this was not so bad because Bruno could walk along in a sort of coma thinking about nothing at all. This brings up an interesting observation that occurred to us the other day. We have looked at women walking around and shopping and drinking sodas and things, and we have wondered what they were thinking about. They had funny little tip-tilted noses and eyes like bright birds and cute hats and it must have been that they were thinking about something. But on the other hand, most of the men we know just stagger around without thinking about anything at all. They crumple up their foreheads and look fierce and purse up their lips and stick out their tummies, and to see them you would think, it certainly must be tough to have all those responsibilities on one's shoul-



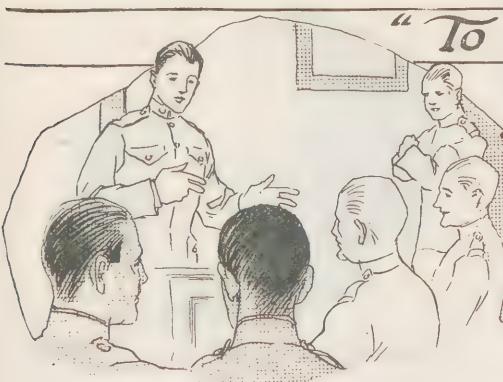
SINCE TAKING UP WALKING SHE CAN SLEEP
LIKE A MESS SERGEANT

when every bum that comes in from off the road thought he had a license to insult her. And she didn't know nothing about no canals neither.

After lunch Bruno walked on for another mile or so until he came onto a middle-aged lady wearing glasses and high boots. She told him she was hiking for health, that every day she took long walks for this health of hers and that it looked like it was doing her a lot of good. For years, she said, she had been suffering from insomnia and chronic indigestion, but since she had

(Continued on page 18)

"To uplift and to build"—



Reconstruction

CAPT. SAMUEL M. NORTH, S. C., U. S. ARMY
CHIEF, RECONSTRUCTION SERVICE

ASSIGNMENT NOTES

During the past week, twenty new patients have taken up class or shop work at the Reconstruction Department.

The special class in gas engine theory and practice for colored patients, referred to in THE OTEEN last week, is now in operation. It meets in the afternoons, and is under the direction of Lieut. Halsted. Eight men have now been assigned to this work. Several more can be accommodated, and it is hoped that more patients in E-7, E-8, E-10, and I-11 will sign up for the class. Not every man expects to become an automobile mechanic after his discharge, but there are few, indeed, who cannot profit by instruction in the care and operation of an automobile.

Lieut. Baier states that he is in a position to receive a few more men in the photography class. The class has now moved to the building formerly occupied by old Post No. 2, near the new officers' quarters, and the Union Restaurant, and has a much better and more commodious place in which to work. Colored patients are accommodated in this work also.

In addition to the assignment of patients, nineteen detachment men have been enrolled in English classes.



SCHOOL

A new class in citizenship was begun this week for the instruction of men who are desirous of taking out their citizenship papers while in the army.

Landscape work has engaged the attention of the photography class during the spring months and some most excellent work has been done. Now, however, they are taking up portrait work. Photography has proved one of the most popular and fascinating courses offered in the institution. Lieut. Baier and his faithful "dozen"

may have been seen at the most unexpected hours flying across hills and through winding roads in the little flivver and its escort, scanning the vicinity far and near for "catchy" scenes. They have accumulated a variety of views and expatiate at length on the fine points of this one, the depth and shadows of that—and the exquisite beauty of all. Interest in the work has been intense and has not been exceeded in any other department except by Sgt. Ladd and his "apiators" and by the gas engine classes.



FLOWER BED CONTEST

Considerable interest is being shown in the flower garden contest in the therapy wards. All anticipate winning a prize.

The standard flower bed will be 12 x 3 feet, located in front of the porch at the center. Where shade interferes with shape and location, another location will be approved.

The seeds are a donation from the Red Cross and will be furnished on requisition to the Reconstruction Aides.

Three prizes of \$15, \$10 and \$5, will be awarded to the wards having the best arranged and most successful beds. The board of judges is composed of Mr. Wylie M. Jamison, of the Red Cross, chairman; Miss Anna Barringer, our supervising aide, and Mr. Jerman B. Jackson, of the Utilities Department. In awarding the prizes any handicap due to unfavorable location of the bed or poor soil will be duly considered.

During the week past, the Reconstruction class in farming has been diligently engaged in hiving bees and planting large and decorative beds of canna.



AIDES

The Reconstruction Aides have been asked to give a demonstration before the coming meeting of the North Carolina Nurses' Association. The demonstration is to cover problems for work in hospitals in private practice. One special request has been for something to amuse the tired, overworked country woman who has little pleasure, and no resources for entertaining herself during convalescence, and who lies in bed and frets and worries about her children at home. This is only one indication of the recognition of the real need and value of occupational therapy.

Miss Moncure has been transferred to Walter Reed Hospital for special work in making anatomical drawings.

Captain North, Chief of the Reconstruction Department, and Miss Barringer, Supervisor of Aides, have been invited to present papers before the National Society of Occupational Therapy at the annual conference to be held in Chicago this coming September. Miss Barringer has been requested to present the organization of Occupational Therapy in a Tuberculosis Hospital. The topic of Captain North's address will be given later.

The entertainment conducted by the Aides at the Patients' Red Cross on alternate Wednesday nights continue to be a feature of their weekly work. Last week's program consisted of a three-legged race, in which the Hill men had a great chance to get rid of their surplus energy, and a bean bag contest which showed that the boys in gray suits can win out in more ways than one. The real hit of the evening was the circle game, "Popularity." Sgt. Bishoff added a lot of pep to the games with his music. Prizes were cigarettes, furnished by the Red Cross, and the evening closed with a quiet half hour of visiting and table contests.



When we hit the home trail, and grow a bit accustomed to the "home sod" we'll find that the old country has changed a great deal, yet the changes will have been comparatively unimportant. Underlying the new surface will still be found the basic things. One of those things is wholesome respect for honest industry and for the fruits gained in the pursuit of it. No success not gained as a result of such industry—and its attendant thrift—is looked upon with favor by the great mass of men.

With the soldiering population the problem is just this: It's members will return home with everything in their favor, everybody shouting for them, and willing to lend a hand. But while the nation will be profoundly grateful, manifesting its gratitude in every concrete way, it will not lose its head nor its sense of values. After the shouting and tumult for the homecomers have died out, the eyes of the home-people will be turned toward those of us who have buckled down to work and made good as soldiers, even as they did in khaki. For us then will the nation and the communities have a real respect.

This being the case it will hardly avail any man who has been secretly counting on it to play the professional old soldier when he gets back home. The difference is only too noticeable in any locality now among the red-stripers. The greater percentage are still the soldier in bearing. Their training is holding on—always alert and keen in their business of living. Then occasionally there is the specimen we see in the army—slovenly—slow of gait—always following the line of least resistance.

While the fact that we have served when and where we did—and faithfully—will be a help and future source of satisfaction to us and to the country—yet it will never take the place of the work yet to be done.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

WHO THEY ARE—WHAT THEY MAKE YOU BELIEVE THEY ARE, AND WHAT THEY REALLY DID

Sgt. Englander (manager of the Electric Lamp Co.), lamp polisher.

Sgt. Freeman (detective of his own agency), sleuth for the United Cigar Stores, 15 per.

Sgt. Kahn (diamond manufacturer), diamond setter.

Sgt. Weiss (hat manufacturer), hat trimmer.

Private Dellacoulerie (great lawyer), lawyer's clerk.

Sgt. Blackmon (railroad magnate), bookkeeper for the the Southern.

LT. MULLIN DISCHARGED

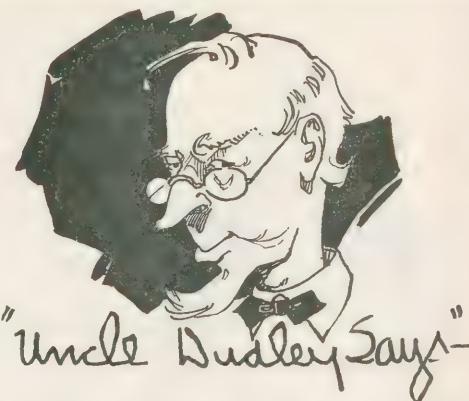
Another of our officers has packed his grip and gone. Lt. Mullin, who has been stationed at this hospital since last October, has secured his discharge during the past week and returns to his home in Colorado Springs, Col., to resume his practise. Best wishes to you, Lieutenant.

ENLISTED MEN TRANSFERRED TO CAMPS NEAREST THEIR RESPECTIVE STATE UPON DISCHARGE

Under authority contained in Circular 106 W. D., dated Dec. 3, 1918, enlisted men upon discharge are to be transferred to camps nearest their respective states. The circular reads in part as follows:

- Under the instructions heretofore or hereafter issued directing the discharge of enlisted men at any camp, post, or station, only those men will be discharged who are within 350 miles of the point of their entrance into the military service, and, in addition, those who are nearer thereto than to any other camp to which they can be sent; provided, also, that men will be discharged at their present station in cases where no substantial saving in distance traveled from point of discharge to point of induction would be effected by transfer to another camp for discharge.

- All other enlisted men specified in orders for discharge will be formed into detachments consisting of men from the same state and sent for discharge to the camp in, or nearest to the state from which they came.



"By gum, it begins t' look ez tho th' dodgasted Huns iz a-goin' t' giv' th' Allies party reezunable peace terms."

—★—

'Believe thet ef Woody, en George, en Clemmy handle it right, Germany will let us off with givin' em sum terrytory en payin' em a few billyun dollars, en feedin' em fer twenty years.'

—★—

"Did ye ever see sich a gol-darned xhibishun o' gall, brass, en arrogance ez these here measly Huns iz puttin' up?"

—★—

"T' listen t' 'em, ye would think thet they only quit fightin' so th' Allies would hev sumpin' left t' offer 'em ez a token o' love fer allowin' us t' make peace."

—★—

"Wall, all yer ole Uncle hez got t' say, iz ez follers: Let 'em either sign th' treaty ez she is writ, er giv' em another dose o' th' kind o' medicine Dr. Foch & Co. hand out, only in th' latter case, double th' dose en continue th' treatment until there ain't no question ez t' th' result o' th' treatment."

—★—

"Yer ole Uncle Sammy hez agin shook hiz old sock en finds thet he still hez a leetle change left. After havin' counted hiz change, he finds he hez six er seven billyuns in loose change fer xpense money."

—★—

"En he hez a right sizable wad on hiz hip o' a hundred billyun er so. Guess he kin manage t' buy chips fer a hand er two yet—eh?"

OTEEN MORNINGS

The intimate clouds gather about the peaks,
Blue-gray haze veiling their splendor,
The sun peers through, dispelling the haze,
And little shadows of clouds
Dot the hillside.

The sun throws into bright relief
The tender green of young trees,
Against dark patches of sombre pines,
Between the gentle fullness of the hills
Nestle happy valleys bright with blossoms.

B.H.K.

DOIN'S OF OUR OWN WHITE WAY

True to our promise, we offer several more startling revelations regarding our absent editor. We lay the odds he comes back from the big city empty-handed so he is deserving of all the maledictions heaped upon him.

★ ★
Listen—he never buys cigarettes, never. When he says "who's got a cigarette, I just smoked my last one," say you read THE OTEEN.

★ ★
If you meet him on Patton avenue with a youngster trailing behind him, don't let him tell you it's the neighbor's boy. That's Rad., Jr.

★ ★
We know lots more. If he doesn't show up by then we'll spill it next week.

★ ★
We have visions of O'Connor and Laning standing with a key in their hands locking up the camp. And this is to be a permanent post at that.

Right changeable weather these days.

★ ★
We smile at the young Miss in the Q.M. office who volunteers to work of a Saturday afternoon for fear of breaking speed limits. You've got the right dope, kid, you never will in the Q.M. office.

★ ★
Many new arrivals at our boarding house this past week.

★ ★
Sgts. Hendrixon, Bishop and Wilson and families are spending the summer at their homes in Asheville. Listen to their discourse on the joys of commuting.

★ ★
Smiles are quite in vogue and worn by many of our smart set. Reason? Discharge.

★ ★
We note that a Scandinavian nobleman resides within our midst. Baron Hellgrin hails from the "land of the big blondes."

★ ★
We miss the face of Greenberg on the streets of our fair city during the light of day. We opine he has a steady job at last.

Another member joined the 'Has Been Club' this week.

News for this "sassietty column" is scarce of late. We hope it will "perk up" with the coming of warm weather. Send in your news of births, deaths, marriages, or any other accidents.

FOUND—A SOUTHERN BEAUTY

OTEEN REPORTER LANDS A SCOOP

The editor of THE OTEEN called me into his sanctum and spoke in this manner: "Boy," he said, "I've got a right smart bit of reportorial work for you to do."

"All right," says I, "what is it, shoot!"

"I want you to track to its lair a most elusive something which has caused outsiders considerable mental anguish; are you listening?"

I was listening, in fact I was all ears, except for my feet which could not be denied.

He continued: "I want you to find that variety of the species homo that is known as the Southern Beauty. From all reports in the South this is so common and so striking that you should not experience any difficulty at all."

"Well, I was only a cub on THE OTEEN staff and was anxious to make my mark and win fame and promotion—a feeling which fills a considerable portion of most folks' bosoms or hearts depending upon which one considers the seat of the emotions—so I bounded down the stairs, seventeen at a time, and hastened to the search for the Southern Beauty. If I could only land this assignment in fine style—I meditated—it would certainly be a scoop on the other magazines and newspapers of the town of Oteen. I ran past the guard at post number three, was addressed by a taxi driver who said he had one more place for the trip to Asheville. So I hopped up on the spare tire in the rear, and we were off.

On the way down town I meditated further. A good detective, thought I, shouldn't rush out to his victim, because that might scare the victim away before the case was proved. He really should hide in some bushes, sneak behind trees, wear false hair on his face (luckily I had a mustache), and carefully examined bits of evidence with a microscope or in the retort. I won't go up the main street, I'll go up the side way and do the thing up brown. So I did. I went by way of College street and came up to the square without encountering a single thing that resembled my objective. That emboldened me, so I went up to the elderly policeman who shapes the destinies of automobileists and pedestrians and whispered in his ear. He slowly lowered his umbrella, shifted his tobacco from left to right, gave a little inspiratory snort, had a faraway look in his eye, and said "Follow the white line," which I did, landing in the drug store

(Continued on page 16)

Songs of Oteen

CHEER UP

There are times, in the life of every man,
When the scheme of things seems wrong;
When Trouble and Sorrow come through the
door,
With their nasty, snarling throng.

Now, Trouble and Sorrow are only myths,
And the man who's worth the while
Is he who can walk from the house of gloom
And greet his friends with a smile.

The man who carries his troubles 'round,
Will find it hard to unload;
While the fellow who's laden with Happiness.
Makes hosts of friends on the road.

Take a trip today up the mountain side,
Sit down on some rocky ridge—
Just see how the skill of His unseen Hand,
The troublesome streams will bridge.

The world which He gave us is filled with
Love
And Happiness here abounds—
So pack up a load in your Mind's kit bag,
To take along on your rounds.

Remember the other chap has his cares
So give him a helping hand;
For clouds in the sky of life will fade,
When sunshine brightens the land.

ROBT. L. MURRAY, 1st Lieut., Inf.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Getting married and divorced is a good deal like buying an automobile. The initial outlay is not very great, but beware of the upkeep. A wife or an automobile is a luxury. Unless you can well afford it do not indulge therein.

And be sure you pick the right model. Color and lines are very good looking, but be sure of her performance. "Ask the man who owns one." And don't get too fast a model. Consistency, dependability and performance are more to be desired than speed.

—An Ex-Husband.

Father—"Well, son, I see you're back from the front and not a scratch."

Son—"No, I quit scratchin' as soon as we got out of the trenches."

YOUR LAUNDRY

ENTRUSTED TO US WILL COME BACK TO YOU FRESH AND CLEAN—NOT SHRUNKEN OR TORN. WE SPECIALIZE ON SOLDIERS' LAUNDRY.

ASHEVILLE LAUNDRY

PENLAND STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

FRESH CANDY

IS ALWAYS ASSURED AT THE CANDY KITCHEN, BECAUSE WE MAKE OUR CANDY DAILY. EXCELLENT MEALS SERVED A LA CARTE.

CANDY KITCHEN

HAYWOOD STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.



EFFICIENCY PLUS

Our constant effort is to aid you in your Saving.

Ample resources, an efficient management and State supervision combine to make our policy both responsible and progressive.

Our superior faculties and strong connections are always at your service.

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST CO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$2,000,000

36 PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

KODAK FINISHING THAT PLEASES

—ON VELOX—

Bring your Kodak finishing to us for prompt work, and get a Bromide Enlargement Coupon with each order for Kodak finishing. Leave your Kodak films today and get prints tomorrow at 5 p. m.

Robinson's Photo Supply House

3 HAYWOOD STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

We Make Bromide Enlargements From Your Prized Negatives

DETACHMENT WARD NOTES

We are glad to hear that the Red Cross is going to build a carousel on the reservation. Reserve a fiery steed for the opening night. Misses Cowdrik, Smith, Hoel and Barwick please take notice.

★ ★

Lieut. Cross, allow us to state that as a ballplayer you are a very good ward surgeon.

★ ★

Lost—Somewhere between last Monday and the detachment ward, a good appetite, finder please return to Sgt. Lunk. Liberal reward.

★ ★

Sgt. Hook Eiskamp, of the O. P., spent the last week-end at this hotel.

★ ★

Many thanks to Mrs. O. C. Hamilton and associates for the pies brought to us last Saturday—very thoughtful, we'll say!

★ ★

Amongst our many visitors during the past week are Mrs. James Taylor, Mrs. Russell Radford, of Carroll avenue; Sgts. Sondheim and Frankel, of New York; Sgt. Nat Weiss, of Atlantic City; Aloysius Paddy Donovan, from Hot Stuff, Col., and Lieut. Kinderman, of General Hospital No. 19, N. C.

MEN GET DISCHARGES WHEN HEALTH PERMITS

There is no danger of sick and wounded men recently returned from overseas and now in military hospitals becoming "chronic patients," according to an announcement just made by Surgeon General Ireland.

Men who are in hospitals for any cause will be retained there only long enough to have their health restored to a degree which will permit them to be released from military control and take up their former occupations in as nearly a normal condition as possible.

In other words, as soon as a soldier reaches a stage in recovery or convalescence where he can go back to his old job, or his home, or take up his new work without any great danger of a relapse, he will be promptly released from the military hospital and the military service.

This has been carefully worked out in detail for all classes of patients and proper steps are being taken to see that it is carefully enforced.

ADVICE TO THE FORELORN

By BEATRICE BAREBACK

Dear Beat: Is it proper to walk to Kel-
logs in the evening with a young officer?

New Nurse.

It is not only proper, but common.

★ ★

Beatrix Bareback: Why is a germ?

Dizzy.

Yes, and on the other hand, no.

★ ★

Dear Miss Bareback: How do I know
when I have strayed beyond the mile limit
of the Post? *Care Full.*

When an M.P. grabs you, you'll know it.

★ ★

My dear Beatrix: I have been reduced.
How can I get back my stripes? *Bust.*

We see a lot of them repairing the roads,,
attached to a ball and chain.

★ ★

Miss Bareback: What is the Kaiser doing
at present? *Windy.*

What do you care?

★ ★

Bear Trixy: What can I get for a sallow
complexion? *Home Lee.*

Not a hell of a lot.

★ ★

Dear Kid: When do we get paid?
Anxious.

Let me know and I'll make a date with
you.

★ ★

Dear Bareback: I got a Jane back home
what don't write to me as much as she
useter. What's the answer? *Mug.*

The war is over.

★ ★

Old Girl: I am in love with beautiful
night nurse on my ward. What shall I
do? *Fat Head.*

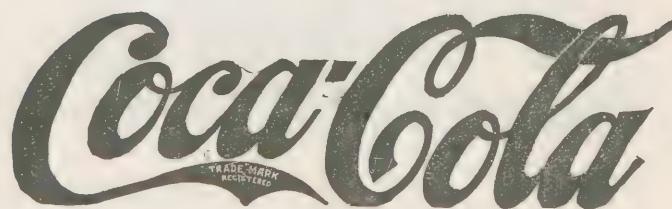
Go easy, until you see her in the day-
time.

An officer was wounded and taken to a
French hospital. Every day the doctor
probed the wound, which kept it inflamed
and sore. After eleven days of this treat-
ment, the patient, who could not speak
French, beckoned to his buddy in the next
bed, a French lad who could speak English,
and asked him to find out why the doctor
probed his leg every day. The man did so
and returned to the suffering man with this
explanation:

"He says he is looking for the bullet."

"Well, why in hell don't they ask me for
it. I have it in my trouser pocket."

DRINK



EVERY BOTTLE
STERILIZED

Our Appointment by the Government

As a Vocational Training School for the men in the service who have received
their S. C. D., is a guarantee of the high quality of work done at our school.

We are also offering special rates of tuition to all men who have been in
the service. If you can't call, a postal card will bring a catalog.

EMANUEL BUSINESS COLLEGE

15 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1100

Oldest and Best Equipped Business School in the State

Barbee-Clark

CIGARS

That's Our Business

Any and Everything for the Smoker

**WESTERN
PRODUCE CO.**
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

It takes an enormous quantity of food to feed one of the largest Government Hospitals in the United States—G. H. No. 19.

We play a large part in the supplying of it.

**REO
TRANSPORTATION
SERVICE**

OFFERS COMFY PASSENGER CARS, AS WELL AS COMFY BUSSES

LOOK FOR THE RED DIAMOND

DAY PHONE 1041

NIGHT PHONE 2361

E. J. GRISET

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO SOLDIERS

FOLKS SAY WE HAVE THE BEST COOK IN TOWN. PERHAPS SHE ISN'T THE BEST, BUT WE KNOW SHE IS ONE OF THE BEST FROM THE WAY FOLKS ENJOY OUR MEALS. PRICES WITHIN REASON.

The Haywood Grill

33 HAYWOOD ST.

PHONE 1651

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

CHOP SUEY

CHOP SUEY

AT THE CHINESE AND AMERICAN RESTAURANT AND ORIENTAL ROOF GARDEN LOCATED AT 8 N. PACK SQ.

Private Booths. Music. Open until 12 midnight. The only one in Asheville.

Just as you see this advertisement so will your advertisement in this space be seen by 2,500 soldiers and 1,500 civilians

Get the point?

THE OTEEN

(Continued from page 13)

opposite. Nothing there, except some school children and elderly ladies. I sauntered out and thence down Patton avenue, where I encountered a friend who knew a girl who knw a girl who was a real Southern Beauty. That sounded like real nourishment, so we went. The young lady in question was right sorry but she did not really knew one, but had read about it. That was a bit disturbing but my friend who is an old Ashevillian, insisted that I could find what I was looking for right in town, in fact he suggested that there would be oodles and oodles of them at the Country Club if I cared to go there.

I cared. So we went. There were many girls spread out on the verandah or disporting themselves on the green in various stages of consciousness. Their clothes were marvels of color, some even showed taste. Some girls were quite young, some of an indefinite character. Their skins showed the result of the best chemists of the age and their age and thir forms ran to a great extent to undernourishment—I might almost confess they were skinny. I lost my calm.

"Hold," said my friend, "we'll go down to the Red Circle's exclusive dance."

It seemed to me that perhaps I had not done sufficient camouflaging so I daubed myself with gilt paint and stood flat against the wall waiting. The girls began to arrive, more girls and more of girls and less of dresses. Conditions looked about the same as before. The long expected Southern Beauty did not appear. I brushed the paint from my body and rushed out into the street. My friend was at my side.

"One more place," said he.

"No more," said I, "I'm through, and I'm going back to the editor and tell him of my failure and the impossibility of the search. Then I thought again; I was thinking a whole lot that day. No! I could not return and confess failure. What would happen to my chances of promotion, yea, even to my job. So I hesitated. "One more," said my friend, then; "one more," I echoed.

We hailed a bus and drove to the Grove Park Inn. The driver accepted his fee of \$27.00, for the three miles without a smile. He probably thought that we could be fortunate to possess the sense of humor if he had the money. We went in. A musicale was in progress so we leaned against some wild-looking heap of rock with an inscription on it that read, "Be always kind to your neighbor and he will take good care of your lawn mower." I looked around to see

who my neighbor might be and holy mackerel, there was the most exquisite bit of human female machinery that I had ever seen assembled in one place. "At last," I cried, but not very loudly for fear that some stately porter might bring me a little card requesting me to maintain silence, at last I have found her." Those large round eyes, large round Dutch tulip eyes, those cheeks like peaches with strands of black hair, across them, those sweetly smiling lips, as my friend Horace has said, and those teeth of pearl after pearl. I stood for a while, entranced, and then regaining my faculties, rushed over to the desk clerk and whispered hoarsely, breathlessly:

"Tell me, tell me, who is that wonderful girl, isn't she the Southern Beauty?"

"Who," he questioned, "that dame over there?"

"Yes," I answered, "that angel, tell me she is the Southern Beauty I have looked for so long in vain."

Then like a bolt from the blue sky, "why she's May Smith, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is spending a few weeks in the Southland."

—J.B.S.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in Washington,
Hallowed by thy name;
We drove the Hun
To Kingdom come;
Thy work is done
On earth as 'twould be in Heaven;
Give us this day
All our back pay,
And lead us not into the Army of
Occupation,
But deliver us from all details and fatigue;
Forgive us all the A W O L's
As we forgive them with the bars
Who have marked them against us;
For thou hast the power
To return us to the States
And leave us there forever;
Amen.

Stars and Stripes.



Served Ice Cold at
Post Exchange

Also on sale at Soda
Fountains, and Soft Drink
Stands in the City.

SMITH'S DRUG STORE

"ON THE SQUARE"

HOSPITAL SUPPLIES, RUBBER GOODS, SPECIAL TRUSS-FITTING
DEPARTMENT. EXPERT IN CHARGE.

THE BUSY CORNER

PHONES: PRESCRIPTIONS 116, SUNDRIES 117, YOURS 117

The Asheville Times

EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY
AND EVERY SUNDAY MORNING

Associated Press News Service
Leased Wire

THE NEWSPAPER THAT SERVES THE PEOPLE

FIFTEEN CENTS THE WEEK

FIVE CENTS THE COPY

BROCK & HAGE PORTRAITS



ASHEVILLE, N. C.

EARNED in Re-construction WORK

A Dollar that's earned in work in the Reconstruction Department rightly belongs in the Savings Bank—where it may give its owner a profit and a Lesson in Life.

CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY
SOUTH PACK SQUARE

Why Not Bring That Watch in Now and Have It Repaired and Adjusted?

FINE REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

J. E. CARPENTER

16 NORTH PACK SQUARE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

ARTHUR M. FIELD CO.

JEWELERS

*Designers and Manufacturers
North Carolina Gems a Specialty*

PATTON AVE. & CHURCH ST.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO
MEEET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CITY

GOODE'S DRUG STORE, Inc.
Druggists

PHONE 718

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

BRUNO

(Continued from page 10)
ders. And then you talk to them for two and a half minutes and find out that they were just skidding.

That's Bruno. He can close up shop and go home and folks still imagine that something is going on inside.

The middle-aged lady with the eyeglasses and the high boots had just as good a time as if she had been out walking with George Bernard Shaw or somebody who had something to say. She left him after they had been on the road for about an hour.

He kept on for half an hour more when he had The Adventure with the Jane with the Rosy Lips. We will give you the full details of this encounter in next week's installment, if we don't forget in the meantime where we left off.

(To be continued)

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY DEPOT

(After July First)

Down on the depot platform,
Bathed in the cold winter breeze,
Shy long ago of its contents,
With nothing inside at to freeze,
Shorn of its former glory,
Tapped of its last amber dreg,
Bungless, Beerless and Friendless,
Stands an empty eight-gallon keg.

J.F.D.

"I hope, Nora, that when you leave you'll not repeat any little family secrets you may have overheard."

"Don't you worry, mum, I'm just as much ashamed of them as you are."

"Wouldn't she stand for one kiss?"

"No, she sat on my lap for them all."

"Where are the songs of yesterday?"
asked the temperamental person.

"Over at my friend Dubwaite's house,"
answered Mr. Glipping.

"Eh?"

"He hasn't bought a new phonograph record for five years."

A flea and a fly caught the "flu;"

Said the flea to the fly:

"We are likely to die!"

Oh, what in the world can we do?"

Said the fly to the flea:

"That's easy to see

We'll fly and flee the "flu."

That's no real lieut. That's just an imputation of one.



"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success," is the slogan of a famous advertising agency — famous for the success it has brought to its clients.

This phrase is more than this agency's slogan—it is its faith.

And it is a faith that every merchant in Asheville should adopt.

Spasmodic advertising never paid, never will pay, never can pay.

If you have something worth advertising keep advertising it until you have convinced your prospective customers that they have a real need for what you have—and then keep advertising.

Keep advertising until you have convinced the public that your store is the store in which to satisfy their needs—and then keep advertising.

This isn't theory but facts that have been proved time and again.

Constant advertising *will* make an impression on the human mind. It is a law of nature.

A case in point: The Asheville & East Tennessee Railroad used one-eighth of a page in THE OTEEN for two months.

Mr. Howland, treasurer of the company, told the writer that he traced directly to his advertising in THE OTEEN, a substantial increase in business from the soldiers and tourists.

Then Mr. Howland did the wise thing—increased his space and the inevitable result will be a bigger increase in the company's business.

Remember, if you want your advertising to pay you "keep everlastingly at it."

WHY CREDIT DOOLEY?

A Red Cross worker accosted a big, good-natured workman at the north end of the Market street viaduct Monday morning, and a button and credentials soon changed hands.

"Sign here," said the girl.

"My hands are soiled," said the man, "you better sign it for me."

"Shall I mark it duly paid?"

"No," said the man, "you've got me wrong. I ain't Dooley. Just put down 'Hennesey paid.'”—Youngstown *Telegram*.

U. S. ARMY HOSPITAL No. 12 AND U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19 USE "CAROLINA SPECIAL" *Superior Milk Products*



**CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY**

D. W. McFADDEN

HUDSON SUPER SIX AND CADILLAC "8" AUTOMOBILES FOR HIRE
PHONES 66 AND 3274

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO SOLDIERS

MOUNTAIN MEADOWS INN 6 MILES FROM ASHEVILLE

Offers the opportunity of enjoying country life in Mountain Meadows choicest season, early spring.

A ride or drive through the charming scenery and bracing pure air gives a zest to the appetite that is bountifully satisfied by the delicious viands, perfectly cooked and served in the manner which has made the Inn famous.

Fresh vegetables, chickens, eggs and dairy products from our farms and dairy of registered Holstein Cows.

PHONE 7701

O. H. FOSTER, Proprietor.

OPPORTUNITY FOR SOLDIER PRINTER

A small, well equipped print shop, now operating, can be purchased at favorable price. Owner has not time to give to it and other business. Splendid opportunity to make some money and build a good paying business.

—SEE H. TAYLOR ROGERS AT—

ROGERS BOOK STORE

39 PATTON AVE.

PHONE 254

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

ROGERS' PRINTSHOP DOES SMALL JOBS IN A BIG WAY—TRY US

MUSEUM SHOWS M. D. WAR WORK

Photographs

That do you justice
are the kind we take

The Pelton Studio
Next to Princess Theatre

MAMMOTH FURNITURE STORE

Whatever is thoroughly Reliable and Desirable in Home Furnishings can always be found at this *STORE*.

All we ask is an opportunity to show you.

J. L. SMATHERS & SONS

TELEPHONE 226

15-17 BROADWAY

24-26 LEXINGTON AVENUE

m. v. moore & co.

Spring Stocks Are Ready

You are invited to make selections from carefully selected assortments of the best that we can find—that the manufacturers can produce.

SHOP FOR MEN ON THE FIRST FLOOR.
WOMEN'S AND MISSES' GOODS, SECOND FLOOR.
BOYS' AND SPORTS DEPARTMENT
THIRD FLOOR.

Full Line of Seasonable Sporting Goods Always in Stock

Activities of the Medical Department of the army and developments attained in medicine, surgery and sanitation are strikingly portrayed in an official exhibition now being held at the Army Medical Museum in Washington, D. C., under the direction of the Surgeon General by authority of the Secretary of War.

Models, figures, wax casts, charts, and photographs present in a forceful manner what was accomplished by the Medical Department in looking after the health of troops in camp, how they were treated when stricken on the battlefields of France, and how they are now being physically reconstructed in army hospitals for return to civil pursuits.

An interesting collection of fire-arms, some of models dating back to 1500, together with various articles captured from the Germans on the battlefield, alongside of cases of wax models showing the effect of mustard gas burns and pneumonia infected lungs taken during the late epidemic, and models of ice boxes, incinerators, shower baths, grease traps, etc., used in keeping the camps clean, are outstanding features.

Then there are Mr. and Mrs. "Cootie," the pesky trench louse which caused so much trouble in France, in the exhibit showing the delousing process for getting rid of them. The latest model X-Ray, used with great success in treating the wounded on the battlefield and which generates its own electric power, and the bedside type enabling the surgeon to locate foreign substances without moving the patient is on view. A glimpse of home hospitals, including one at Camp Sherman, Ohio, which is considered the best type developed, and a model of one of our civil war hospitals, showing the advance in hospital construction, is also given, and diagrams of the proposed medical center at the Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, are on display.

The exhibit shows how the Surgeon General keeps his finger on the health pulse of the army; how typhoid and malaria have been conquered, and the advance in surgical instruments from the Civil War to this late war. The work being done to restore the wounded and disabled so they can return to civil pursuits is strikingly portrayed in the Division of Physical Reconstruction section of the exhibit. Hundreds of articles, including toys, basket work, jewelry, etc., which have been made by patients in army hospitals, are shown in this exhibit.

"I NEVER WANT TO SEE AGAIN"

A gas mask in a canvas sack,
A doughboy's heavy army pack,
A ton of mud upon each heel,
A round-shaped hat all made of steel,
A pup tent that the rain comes thru,
A blanket soaking wet with dew,
A leggin that will not stay tied
A little cap set on one side,
An M. P. with a haughty air,
Directing you, he knows not where,
A French town ruined, battered flat,
With nothing living but a rat,
Stones and splinters on the ground,
Lime and tar paper scattered round.
A heavy rumbling army truck,
A shell that makes the bravest duck,
A litter or an ambulance,
A "skinner" wearing old blue pants,
A dug-out with its dirty smell,
A hole made by a German shell.
A road with mud up to your knees,
"Them cooties and them German fleas"
A fellow wi' h his shirt pulled up,
Scratching like a hungry pup,
Corned-beef hash or old corn "Will,"
Bacon, gold fish or a C. C. pill,
A humming German bombing plane,
I NEVER WANT TO SEE AGAIN!

—The Comeback.

A young theologian named Fiddle
Refused to accept his degree
For, said he 'tis enough to be Fiddle
Without being Fiddle, D.D.

The Gob (in a jewelry store)—"I'd like
to look at some engagement rings."

Jeweler—"Certainly, sir. How many
would you wish."

EVERMORE

A certain young soldier named Moore,
Fell in love, then fell out and got sore,
But the girl he had kissed,
Was like Oliver Twist—
She was all the time crying for Moore.

First Asheville Girl—"Do you think this
was a war of conquest?"

Second Asheville Girl—"Well, I know a
lot of girls who got husbands by it."

"The first man was found in India,"
Said Learned Private Jim;
"Well I'd like to know," said Private Boob,
"Who in the deuce found him."

BE SURE TO ATTEND THE RACKET STORE ANNUAL MAY WHITE SALE

By Far and Beyond—the Greatest Selling Event Ever Accomplished
in Western North Carolina!

THOUSANDS OF YARD AND PIECE GOODS

at prices that will cause you to buy in quantities!

Our entire stock—three floors—consisting of choice Dry Goods, Millinery, Ladies' Ready-to-Wear, Notions, Shoes, Men's and Boys' Clothing, etc., etc., reduced to prices that will astound, amaze and surprise you!

Our Annual May White Sale Last Until May 28th, fourteen days of genuine money saving! Ask for a fly swatter during this sale.

Don't Fail to Visit Our "Bargain Basement" During the Sale!

The RACKET Department Store

16 BILTMORE AVE.

L. BLOMBERG, PROP.

Look for the Red and White Sign

THE OTEEN HOSPITAL BUYS ALL OF ITS FISH FROM

The Asheville Fish Company

What an endorsement for Quality this is!

HAVE YOU HEARD

Of the chap who boasted that he could run faster, jump further, swim better, dive deeper than anybody he knew? Those claims were extravagant. We claim that our equipment, including a Crescent Steam Dish Washer, enables us to furnish Sanitary Service. These are important.

CRYSTAL CAFE NO. 1

32 PATTON AVE.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

WEAR RUBBER HEELS

Rubber heels add to the life of your shoes—keep the continuous jar off your spine, add to your comfort in general. Those who walk a great deal will find rubber heels a real blessing. Let us attach rubber heels to your shoes.

CHAMPION SHOE HOSPITAL

6 GOVERNMENT ST.

L. F. GOOLEY, PROP.

INVEST IN MOTOR STOCK

We have some 7 per cent. Preferred Anderson Mo or Co. Stock for sale, one of the best investments anybody can make, and endorsed by leading Bankers of the Carolinas. Write to or call on

W. W. BRUCE

Stocks and Bonds

26 American National Bank Building, Asheville, N. C.

ONCE AGAIN—"DISCHARGES"

You hear a lotta gossip about this discharge thing, don't you?

And you hear whispers emanating from the left side of some guys faces—most of them not in uniform—that it takes "pull" to get a separative writ from the Uncle's Army.

Herewith THE OTEEN is in position to present the official view of the War Department, including the disclaimer that influential soldiers have received priority of discharge. Says the W. D.:

"The charge that soldiers with influential friends to intercede for them have been able to secure their discharges sooner than equally meritorious soldiers in like circumstances, is a charge that the War Department sincerely believes is not justified."

"While the War Department does not main'ain that among hundreds of thousands of men discharged, no individual has anywhere been favored through the efforts of influential friends, yet it does maintain that in the vast majority of instances, all those who could be spared have been steadily discharged as rapidly as possible, and in considering the various applications for discharge, the most meritorious and urgent cases were given priority and discharged first, irrespective of influence."

POINTED ADVICE

"Oh doctor," cried a wild-eyed man. "I am dreadfully afflicted! The ghosts of my departed relatives come and perch on the tops of the fence posts all around my yard when dusk is falling. I can look out into the gloaming any evening and see a couple of dozens spooks solemnly sitting on top of that many posts, waiting, waiting, waiting. Oh, doctor, what shall I do?"

"Sharpen the tops of the posts" briskly replied the physician. "Five dollars, please."—*Judge*.

Doctor (examining a new patient)—"Hm, you've got a tobacco heart, I guess."

Patient—"Sir, I haven't smoked for four years."

Doctor—"Well, then you must be in love."

"Going to get out here to stretch your legs?" asked one man passenger of another as the through train drew into a station.

"What place is this?" asked the man addressed.

"Albany."

"No. I had one stretched here once."

THE MAN IN UNIFORM

We are always glad to see the man in uniform as well as the girls in uniform. We have a variety of good things to eat. And if you want to send candy home to "her" we shall be delighted to attend to it for you.

SAWYER GROCERY CO.

COLLEGE STREET

For First-Class Automobile Service, Call 177

For First-Class Saddle Horses and Carriages, Etc., Call 18

Why ride in a cheap jitney when you can rent something first-class for a little more money?

CHAMBERS & WEAVER CO.

ALL HOURS

EXPERIENCED DRIVERS

CLOSED AND OPEN CARS

TELEPHONE 431

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

MERELY COMMON SENSE

Washington: "There is no mystery about the work of retaining war-disabled men so as to make them "efficient," declared Dr. Charles A. Prosser, director of the Federal Board for Vocational Education. "It is simply the application of good common sense education and good judgment. It is merely the utilization of the abilities remaining to the disabled man, which can be so trained as in most cases to be just as effective if not more so, than the ones which he lost by reason of his injuries.

"It is surprising the number of things a man is capable of doing. If he has been engaged in an occupation which requires the use of his leg, such as operating a foot power press, we do not throw away his trade knowledge, but he is educated to use his hand or perhaps the stump of his leg by means of a special adjustment, and can continue doing that which he knows best, just as well as before he received his injury, or if he is disinclined to continue that work, he is re-educated for some other phase of the same industry which he knows well, and which appeals to him, thus preserving his trade knowledge.

"This re-education is given in the various industries and factories as well as in the leading technical and trade schools of the country. It is absolutely free to the disabled man; if he is single, he is given \$65 a month support fund, all other expenses being paid, and if married or there are other dependents, a larger allowance is made.

"The Federal Board for Vocational Education is anxious to get in touch with all disabled, discharged men, and will gladly correspond with them about their cases. The address is simply Washington, D. C."

RHYMES OF THE TIMES

By BEN ZOL

"Man wants but little here below,"
We're glad that this is true,—
And while the H.C.L. prevails
We wish that less would do.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,"
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like the price of things we buy.

"Mary had a little lamb,"
Dessert and all the lot,
But when poor Mary saw the bill,
She fainted on the spot.

"Underwood's Deviled Ham"

All ham—nothing else—prepared
with the finest spices—packed
in 20 cent tins

—SOLD AT—

The Post Exchange

At U. S. General Hospital No. 19

FURNISHED BY

**The Rogers Grocery
Company**

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

**We Can't Tell You In
An Advertisement**

whether you need glasses or not. Come to us, have your eyes examined and get our advice. Our especially designed glasses always afford relief to eyes that are sensitive.

CHAS. H. HONESS

Optometrist

Eye Strain Specialist

54 Patton Ave. Established 1900

Finkelstein's SPRING CLEARING SALE

NOW GOING ON

*Big Reductions on Clothing, Hats, Gents' Furnishings and Shoes
Exceptional Bargains of Trunks and Leather Goods*

23 BILTMORE AVE.

PHONE 887

"WEAVERVILLE LINE"

The Interurban Road of the Mountains

On Sundays cars will operate on the following schedule from Asheville:

Leave Asheville at 9 a. m., 11 a. m., 1 p. m., and
every hour until 6 p. m. Last car at 8 p. m.

*Nature is smiling in all her beauty now.
The mountains and countryside, the exhilarating air and sunshine
bid you welcome.*

COME ON OUT

WE CAN HELP YOU

Office and Waiting Room
35 Broadway

Asheville & East Tennessee Railroad Company

★ ★ ★ ★

*The
Four Stars Tea Room
On the Square*

HOURS, 12 to 6:30 P. M.
SATURDAYS TO 8:30 P. M.

*Luncheon, Supper and Dinner Parties
A Specialty*

PHONE 2746



COMFY SHOES

Men and Women

We've Oxfords or shoes of special merit in all styles to meet the service all the popular leathers and white canvas or buck. Nicholize your feet.

Nichol's Shoe Co.

On the Square Asheville, N. C.

THE UNIVERSAL MONEY SAVING GROCERY

SAV IT U - TOTE - M

\$ \$ \$

18 S. PACK SQUARE

LEGAL BUILDING

Cheer Up! You Will Soon Be Going Home

When you go, you will need a new Bag or Suit Case to carry your clothes or trophies of war. Our line is complete and the prices just what you can afford. Imitation Leather and Matting Suit Cases or Bags, \$1.75 to \$5.00. Real Leather Suit Cases or Bags, \$5.75 to \$35.00. A full line of trunks if you need one.

Bon Marche

Mt. Pisgah : Chimney Rock : Biltmore Estate

Special Rates to These Places. Cadillacs, Hudsons, Willys-Knights
OPEN ALL THE TIME—ALWAYS ON TIME

Experienced Drivers

J. H. CREAMAN

OFFICE: LANGREN HOTEL

PHONES 50 AND 341

THE PROPER REVENGE

Thompson—an enthusiastic golfer—was complaining bitterly to his friend Brown about the bad manners of some of the club members.

"Look at Jones, for instance!" he said. "The ass actually crossed my tee just as I was going to drive. What would you have done if you had been in my place?"

"Well," said Brown, "seeing that he crossed your tee, I would have dotted his eye."—London *Tit-Bits*.

WHY HIS COFFEE WAS COLD

"What is your opinion of the new cure? Do you think walking through the grass will make you healthy?" asked the boarding house lady at the table.

"Well, it seems to have made this beef pretty tough," replied the boarder, trying to cut his steak."

MILITARY MORSELS

"Hello, doughboy!"

"I ain't no doughboy."

"No?"

"Been tossin' them theah leopard cubes, and I'se just plain boy now."

It was Sunday and Sergeant Jones was driving a bucking one-cylinder Ford down the streets of the old home town.

"Ought to put Lizzie's name on the casualty list," called a fresh gob, who was witnessing the struggle.

"Whatdaya mean?" hissed the sergeant between bucks.

"Missing in action."

DOGS MUST BE SCARCE

Ad in Saginaw (Mich.) News-Courier

WANTED—Two good men for sausages. Apply Wilson Co.

AMONG THE MISSING

"Some of the good people who dine here," said the hotel manager sadly, "seems to regard spoons as a sort of medicine—to be taken after meals."

Father (at table)—"Well, son, how did you get along at school today?"

Bobby—"Pa, my physiology book says conversation at meals should be of a pleasant character. Let's talk about something else."

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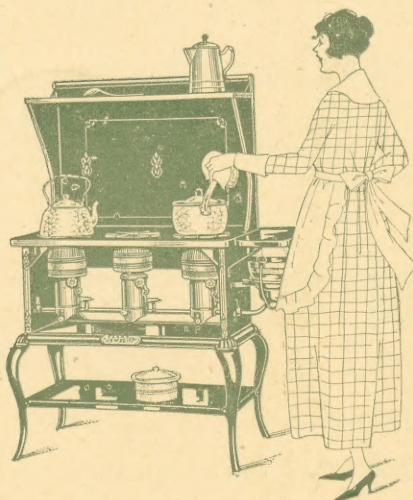
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